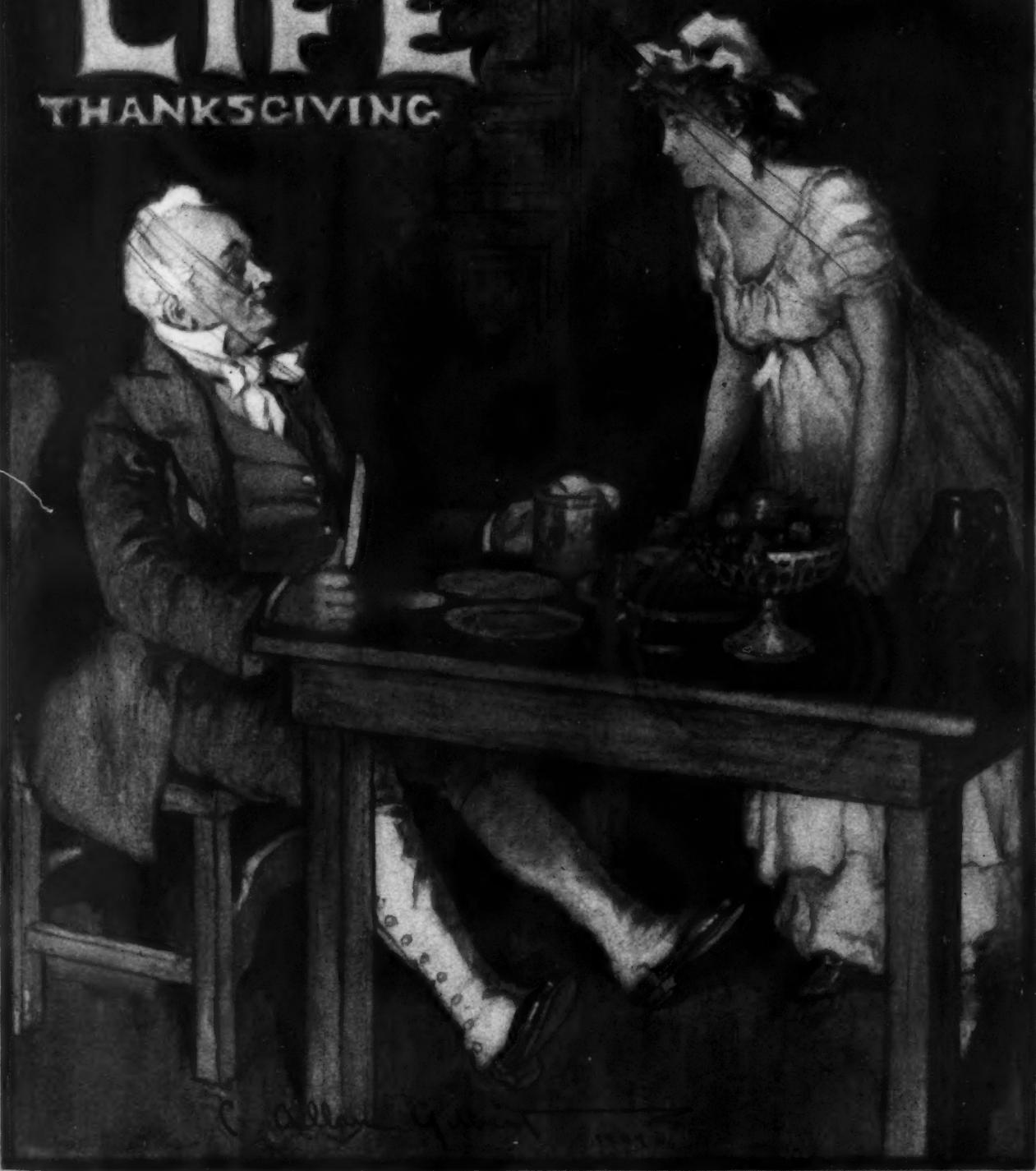


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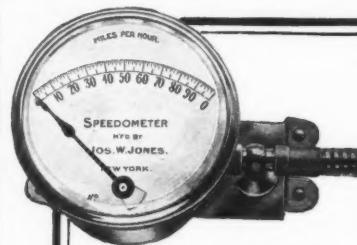
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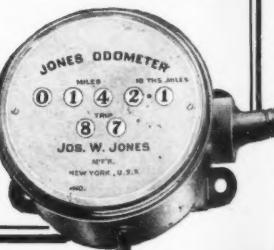
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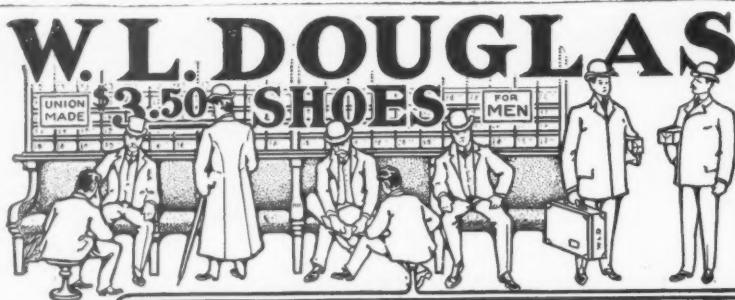
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Send to George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York, a 3-cent stamp for a 52-page Illustrated Catalogue of the "Four-Track Series."

An Odorous Comparison.

PLUTOCRACY and its automobile now monopolize the wit once directed toward "respectability and its gig." The following is a late instance from the London *Chronicle*:

"That'll be a powerful machine," said a native of the north of Scotland to a motorist the other day.

"Yes, it's a splendid car," replied the owner, proudly.

"I suppose a car like that will be nearly a hundred horse-power?" suggested the countryman.

"Oh, no," said the motorist, modestly; "it is only ten horse. A hundred horse-power car would be much larger."

"I wasn't going by size," the Highlander dryly explained. "I was going by the smell of it."

Solitary.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON says that a domestic long in the service of a well-known Alabama family recently gave "notice" of two weeks, explaining that she desired to get married. The mistress managed to secure an acceptable successor, but was dismayed to discover that the new servant could not report for duty until a week subsequent to the time fixed for the wedding of her predecessor. So the present incumbent was asked whether she would not agree to postpone the happy event for a week. This the domestic declined to do, from superstitious scruples, no doubt bearing in mind the old adage, "Change the date, change the fate." However, she said that she didn't in the least mind getting married and continuing the household duties till her successor could put in an appearance. The husband-elect offering no objections, this arrangement was agreed upon, and an hour or so after the marriage ceremony the domestic was performing her duties just as before.

"I presume your husband has returned to his work, as you have done," the mistress chanced casually to remark.

"No'm," responded the girl, in a matter-of-fact tone; "Joe, he done gone on his honeymoon." — *Saturday Evening Post*.

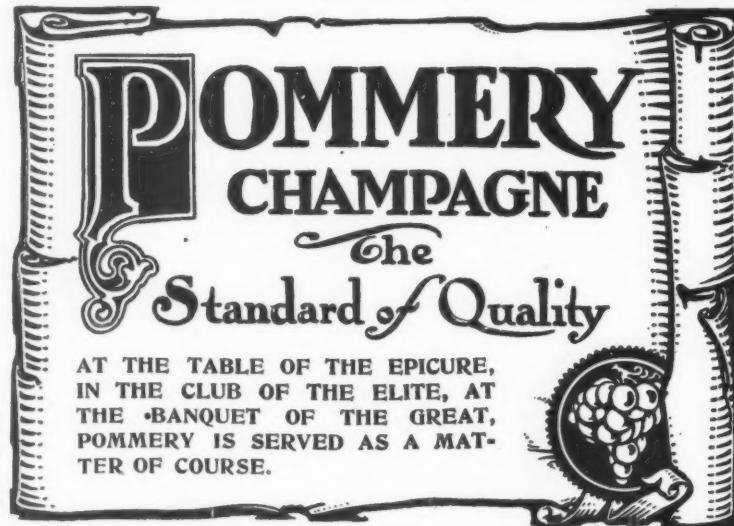
BINCKS: Jones hasn't an ounce of brains, yet he seems prosperous. What does he do for a living?

JINKS: He writes musical comedy librettos for the Theatrical Trust. — *Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune*.

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There are hundreds of thousands of stores in this country and all use show cards. There is no other opening which offers better chances for young men and women than show card writing. A few months' study will prepare you to earn a good salary. We teach you by mail. Write for free *Show Card Booklet*.

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Though you can get Jennico in quarter sizes, we don't talk much about it, we've something better to say for it. There are many round-point, fold shapes but not one of them has the *style* we put into this series (seven heights).

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How Waltzing Mice Fight.

WALTZING mice are curious and interesting little animals. They are not quite so long as the common gray mouse and much more slender. They are spotted black and white at each end of their bodies and are clear white in the middle. They whirl around on their four feet as if on a pivot, sometimes stopping and reversing the direction. Frequently I see two or three of them going around together in a large circle. Although they waltz sometimes as long as five minutes without rest, they appear never to get dizzy. They can, if they choose, run in a straight line, but they seldom do. Instead of running away when disturbed or frightened, they begin to waltz. They come out of their nests about sundown and waltz until nearly midnight. Then they go back to their nests to sleep.

One of the curious things about them is their fighting. They waltz until they run into each other, when they bite, squeal, jump into the air—and then start waltzing again. They keep this up until they are seriously injured, sometimes having their tails and legs bitten off and their skins torn.

There are several theories as to the reason they can whirl around in this way and yet do not get dizzy. One is that it is because of a disease of the brain that they inherit.—*Country Life in America*.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON tells the story of an amusing "break" in a production of "Camille" at the old Walnut Street Theatre in Philadelphia.

In those days sea-island cotton was stage ice cream, just as molasses and water was make-believe wine—sherry or port, according to the proportion of molasses.

Armand and Camille were at table, where they had been discussing such viands as these, and their dialogue was making the finest sort of an impression on the crowded house. Enter a maid servant with candelabra of the wabbliest sort imaginable. The scene was so engrossing that the maid was hardly noticed by the audience, but when she had set down the candelabra between the unfortunate Camille and her lover, and one candle toppled over and set the ice cream in a blaze, the nervous strain upon the house was broken, and the entire audience burst into a roar of laughter that brought down the curtain.—*Harper's Weekly*.

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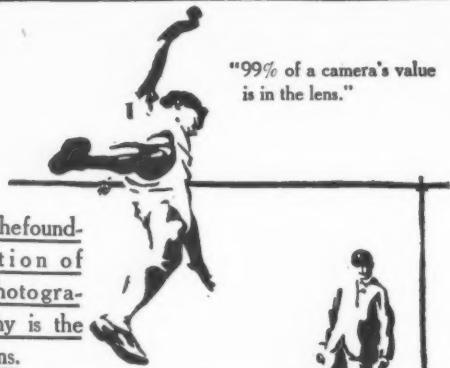
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No one, old enough to know better, should be neglectful of that most vital and useful organ of the human system—the teeth—the very guards to the gateway of health.

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IS NOT THE CHEAPEST—
“IF QUALITY COUNTS
IT'S

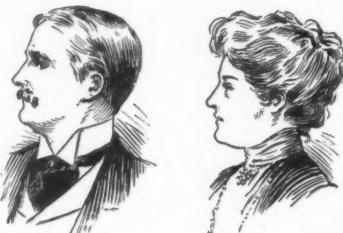
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OUR ONLY STYLE
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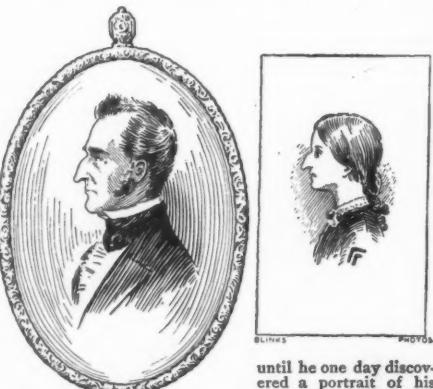
WHO KNOWS?
“There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.”



Mr. Jones studied the profile of his wife,



then that of his daughter, then that of his son;



then cursed the shade of his grandfather,

until he one day discovered a portrait of his wife, taken before her visit to Dr. Skinbury, the famous dermatologist.

“YOU are an hour late this morning, Sam.”

“Yes, sah, I know it, sah.”

“Well, what excuse have you?”

“I was kicked by a mule on my way here, sah.”

“That ought not to have detained you an hour, Sam.”

“Well, you see, boss, it wouldn't have if he'd only have kicked me in dis direction, but he kicked me de other way!”—Yonkers Statesman.

THE family of one of the well-to-do citizens of Orford, N. H., while sitting under a crabapple tree a few days ago were attracted by an unusual rustling overhead.

Investigation revealed fifteen full-sized rats gathering the crop and carrying the apples across an extemporized bridge built to the house, and from there through a hole gnawed through the side of the house into the attic, where a large quantity of fruit was laid away for winter use.—*Boston Globe*.



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PHILADELPHIA. NEW YORK

Thought He Was at Home.

AN Irishman somewhat under the influence of liquor, ambling toward home on a recent evening, happened to pass a church, and, being attracted by the sound of the music, paused for a while and then staggered toward the entrance.

With his natural bump of caution, however, he looked at the spire to see that the proper kind of cross was on it, for to the mind of most good Catholics it would be almost a sacrilege to go into a Protestant church. He saw the cross, which apparently satisfied his scruples, and he went in, sitting down in a pew near the door.

The heat being somewhat oppressive, he fell asleep.

After the service had ended the sexton began at the altar to turn out the lights.

Coming down the aisle he tripped over the foot of the sleeping man in the pew, and, looking down, diagnosed the case in a moment.

He gave the sleeping man a shake and said: "See here, my good man, wake up and get out of here at once. You are in the wrong place, anyway—this is not your church."

The Irishman sat up, rubbed his eyes and, developing an argumentative strain, said in a rather thick, guttural voice:

"It ain't my church? Whose church is it if it ain't mine?"

"This is the Protestant Episcopal church

"It's no such thing!"

"I tell you it is, and you must get out of here."

He straightened himself up, and pointing a wavering finger toward the altar, said:

"Isn't that the statue of St. Joseph up there on the right?"

The sexton was forced to reply in the affirmative.

"Ain't that the Virgin's statue on the left?"

"Yes," replied the sexton.

"What is that in the center?"

"That is the statue of our Saviour."

The Irishman, with a look of mingled triumph and contempt, said, looking the sexton as nearly in the eye as he could:

"For God's sake, whin did thim turn Prot-
estants?"—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

Wise Servants.

THERE is no personage more deeply and deferentially aware of his own importance than the English butler; next to him in privileges, and ahead of him in sturdy frankness, must stand the Scotch gardener.

It was Darwin's gardener who, when a friend of the family inquired after the health of the famous naturalist, who had been somewhat ailing, replied confidentially that he did not doubt his master would be better "if only he could find something to do!"

The gardener of Professor Huxley, with equal unconsciousness of doing so, also cast a slur upon his renowned employer.

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For
Brides and Bridesmaids

Tiffany & Co. invite attention to their large stock of rich gem jewelry now ready for the fall and winter season, notably ropes, collars and necklaces of pearls. Brooches, corsage ornaments, lavallières, sautoirs, stomachers, tiaras, rings, etc., in many beautiful combinations of diamonds and other precious stones.

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Gold bangles, bracelets, brooches, rings, stick pins, etc., of novel and fitting designs, \$5, 10 to 25 upward

Also gold scarf pins, sleeve links, pearl cravat pins, silver cigarette cases, match boxes, etc., for ushers

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Marriage announcements, invitations for house or church weddings, admission cards, etc., that are correct in phraseology, superior in workmanship and in shapes approved by refined taste.

Samples and prices upon request

Wedding certificates engrossed and illuminated on parchment arranged as a scroll or in folio form with white morocco cover, gold monogram, etc.

Correspondence solicited

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giving complete list and range of prices, sent without charge to any address

Union Square New York

Tiffany & Co. are strictly retailers. They never sell to other dealers

Mrs. Huxley, fearful that he might be overworked, had inquired if he did not need some assistance.

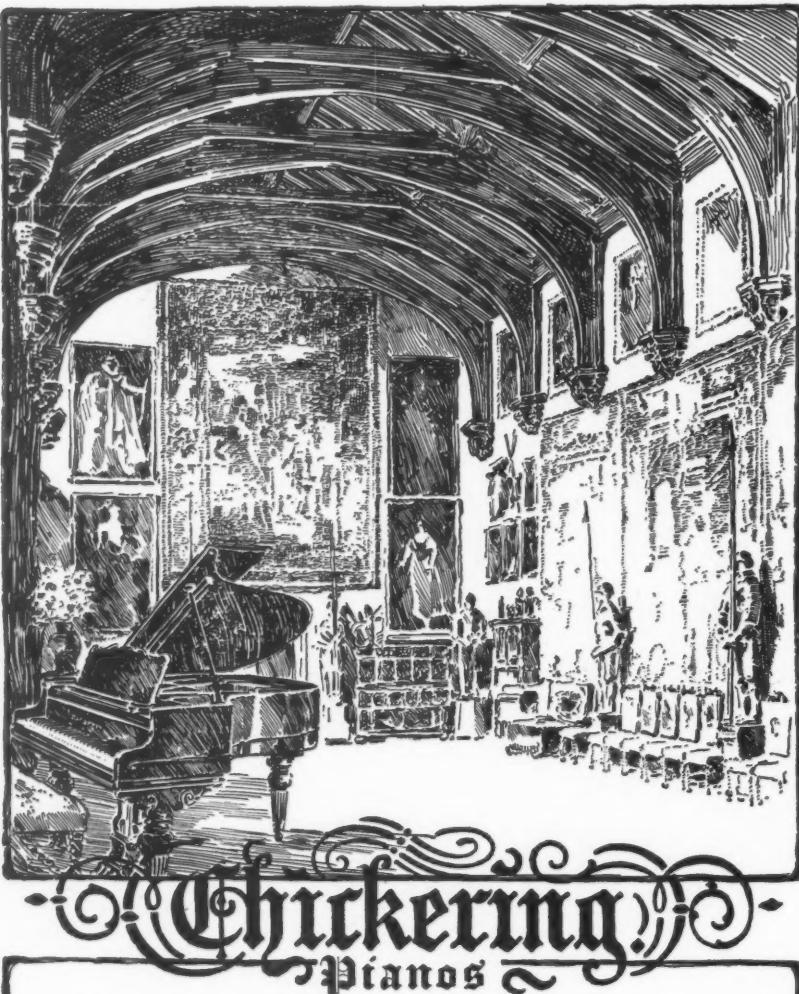
"No," came the reply, "the place is not very large, and Mr. Huxley is almost as good as another man."

Better than either of these true tales is that of the butler in a fine old English family, whose long service had caused him to feel a personal and proprietary interest in the sons and daughters of the house. He could not acquit himself of a sense of responsibility for their man-

ners and conduct, and when at a large dinner-party he noticed one of them, a young girl who had but recently entered society, devote an amount of attention to her agreeable neighbor on the right obviously in excess of that accorded to the less fascinating gentleman on her other side, his perturbation increased till it could no longer be borne in silence.

Under pretense of passing her a dish, he managed cleverly to whisper in her ear:

"A little more conversation to the left, miss."
—*Youth's Companion*.



Chickering Pianos

CONCERNING THE "QUARTER (1/4) GRAND"

Its Tone Quality is superior to that of an Upright. It occupies practically no more space than an Upright. It costs no more than the large Upright. It weighs less than the larger Uprights. It is a more artistic piece of furniture than an Upright. It has all the desirable qualities of the larger Grand Pianos. It can be moved through stairways and spaces smaller than will admit even the small Uprights.

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New York Telephone Co.
15 Dey Street.

Last Days in the Country.

"HOW much a quart—your milk?"
"Fourpence."

"They told me it was only threepence."

"We're out of thrupenny milk, but we can make you some."—*Sporting Times*.

WHILE on the trip through the Mammoth Cave after the Convention last June, the party was in charge of a loquacious guide. Coming at length to a lofty hall, the guide told them that recently a young couple had been married there.

"Why here?" inquired Territorial Deputy Connelly of Montana.

"Oh," said the guide, "her mother had made her promise never to marry any man on earth, so they came under the surface."

"That's bad," remarked Brother Connelly. Then turning to Brother Callahan of Louisville, he said, "Callahan, your Legislature ought to prohibit such things by law."

"Why?" answered Brother Callahan.

"Running marriage into the ground," remarked Chris.—*Columbiad*.

J. NOBLE HAYES of the Law's Delays Commission at a recent meeting on this subject told the following story as illustrative of the condition existing in some of the courts to-day.

Charles James Fox, the famous English advocate of a generation ago, and his secretary, Mr. Hare, who lived with him, were both noted for their impecuniosity, and their creditors spent much time in dunning them. One morning before daylight there was a violent ringing at their door, and Mr. Fox, going to the window, found a group of creditors below.

"Are you fox hunting or hare hunting this morning, gentlemen?" he asked.

"Come now, Mr. Fox," one of them called up, "tell us when you are going to pay that bill. Just set a date, and we will leave you in peace."

"All right," was the reply. "How will the Day of Judgment suit you?"

"Not at all," said the creditor; "we'll all be too busy on that day."

"Well," said Mr. Fox, "rather than put you to any inconvenience we'll make it the day after."—*New York Times*.

ONE of the clearest cases of absentmindedness on record was that of a leading grocer of this city recently. Over the telephone came an order from a wealthy customer for some oranges to be delivered during the afternoon.

"What are the prices?" asked the customer.

"Oh, we have them at all prices, from twenty cents a dozen up."

"Well, I'm not particular about the price. What I want is the quality and size."

"Wait a moment, please."

He went to the box containing his choicest fruit, selected a large, yellow sample and hastened back to the 'phone. Holding the orange aloft in one hand while he grasped the telephone receiver with the other, he said: "Will this kind do?"—*Duluth News-Tribune*.

A Nervous Scientist.

It is often easy for a man to convince himself that he believes a certain thing, to act on the belief sometimes requires a powerful faith. That was evidently the quality lacking in a college professor who went with Mr. Simon Lake into the diving compartment of his submarine boat. The story is related in "Submarine Navigation," by Mr. Alan Burgoine.

Everyone knows that if an uncorked bottle filled with air is placed in water, mouth down, only as much water will enter it as is required to compress the air in the bottle enough to equal the pressure of the water. If the air pressure could be otherwise increased no water at all would come in.

For more than half a century this principle has been made use of in submarine boats to provide a mode of egress for a diver. In the Lake boat there is an "air-chamber" forward in which the air pressure is made a trifle greater than the water pressure outside. When a door in the bottom of the car is opened no water comes in, and those in the boat, reaching down with a short rake, are able to pick up oysters, sponges or whatever they see on the bottom of the ocean.

The professor was a learned man, and he knew all about the theory of the case; but still he had not quite enough faith to trust himself under water in a bottomless boat. Mr. Lake took him into the diving compartment to exhibit it.

After closing the air-lock door he noticed beads of perspiration standing on the professor's forehead. When the compressed air came in with a great noise, the professor grabbed one of the frames and looked longingly at the closed door.

"By the way, professor," said Mr. Lake, turning off the air, "are you troubled with heart-disease?"

"Why, yes," he said, "my heart is a little affected."

"Well, never mind," said the inventor. "This little distance will not disturb you. If you feel any pain swallow as if you were drinking water."

He turned on the air again, and the professor began to swallow. During the half-minute or so following, while the pressure was increasing, he swallowed enough, the inventor said afterward, to have drowned himself. When the pressure was right, Mr. Lake stooped and began to unscrew the panel in the floor.

"What are you doing?" demanded the professor.

"I am going to open this door so you can see the bottom."

"No, no," said the professor, throwing out his hands, "don't do that. I would not put you to all that trouble for the world."

Just then, however, the door dropped open. The professor, who had turned deathly pale, started forward. Not a drop of water entered. As he saw the calm surface of it there beneath his feet as unruffled as if it had been the very top of the ocean, instead of almost

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YOU know how your blood tingles when a fine pianist finishes some brilliant passage, how the last few notes fairly ring out! Doesn't it thrill you clear through when you hear the bass octaves thunder when called out by the musician's strong hand? Then the swift transitions to the light, fairy-like touch where you almost hold your breath to catch the next note.

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the bottom, the color came back to his face and he drew a great sigh.

"Well!" he exclaimed. "Well! Of course I knew it wouldn't come in. I know why it doesn't come in. But if I had not seen it I should never have believed it!"

IT is told of the witty old French abbé, Père Monsabré, that on one occasion a lady sent a message to him, just as he was entering the pulpit, that she must see him. After much

beating about the bush, she came to the point. Vanity was her besetting sin, and only that morning she had yielded to the temptation of gazing at herself in the mirror and thinking she was very pretty. Père Monsabré looked at her steadily for a minute, and then, in his soft, musical voice, he inquired kindly: "Is that all, my daughter?"

"Yes, father, that is all."

"Then, my daughter, go in peace. For to make a mistake is no sin."—*Liverpool Post.*

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PERCOLATOR

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The reason you can't drink
coffee is because you boil
it. Boiling extracts the
tannin and other injurious poisons and delicious volatile essences go
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50c. for Silk,
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Pears'

My grandmother used
Pears' Soap; perhaps yours
did, too. We owe them
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Use Pears' for the chil-
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Established in 1789.

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to any piano and with it play any music you wish,
in a better and more satisfying manner and with less
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put all the expression you please into it, and do it without
such excessive effort that you forget to enjoy the music.

The perfection of the Cecilian is in its simplicity
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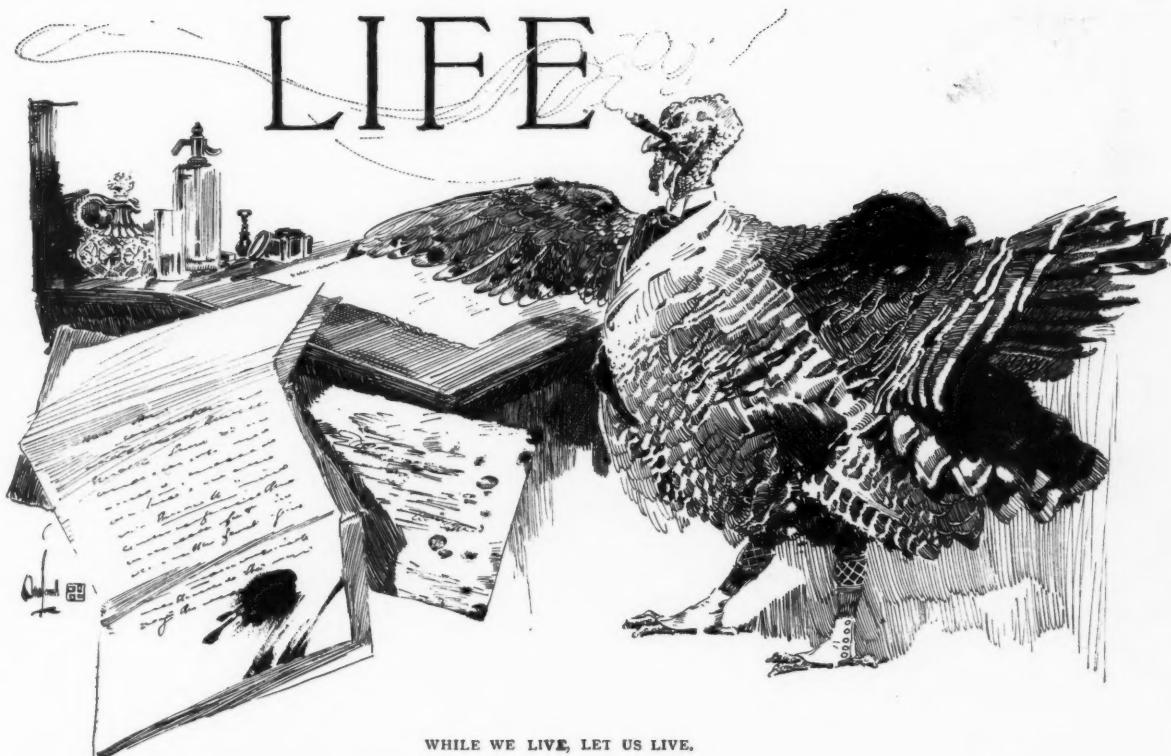
The price is \$250, but you can buy on easy
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Booklet and full information sent on request.

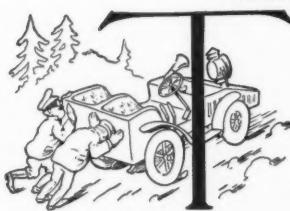
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London, England.

Detroit, Michigan.



Americanus Automobilis.



THE automobile simply exhibits a new aspect of the characteristic American lack of poise, the temperamental defect of control.

It is just as far out of the question for an American to go slow when he has the means to go fast, as it is for him to eat slow when he has two good hands to convey food to his mouth, and plenty of drink of one kind or another to sweep it down his throat.

Life is speed.

The power of motion is what distinguishes the animal from the vegetable; the power of going hell-bent is what distinguishes man from other animals; and finally, the power of getting there is what distinguishes the American from other men.

When the American mounts his red devil, and its fetid breath rises up around him, he is instantly made drunken. He yields himself to a delirious ecstasy of supreme hurry. It is not because he is cruel that he kills the chickens, dogs and people, but because he is frenzied, mad, a soul sup- planted by a fury.

His own safety is nothing to him. More likely than not he will be gathered to his fathers in a cigar-box or a small market-basket, but what of that, if posterity has to write in his epitaph that his machine was as big and powerful as his purse could buy, and that he went the limit?



LIFE.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

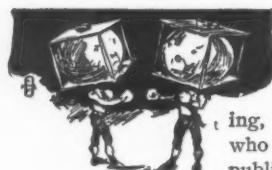
VOL. XLIV. NOV. 8, 1904. No. 1149.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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THE speaker at a recent Democratic meeting, in New York, who called the Republican candidate "a shameless sham" and asked his audience if they didn't think so, got reply from many that they didn't. Mr. Roosevelt comes out of the campaign as good as he went in. There are discrepancies between his early unofficial hopes and his official fulfilments, but he is no sham. The compulsions of party leadership have left some scars on him; his course in some matters—the tariff for one—does not tally with the convictions he professed in younger days, but as a rule his course, for better or worse, has been in keeping with his character, and that is still excellent. Such thoughtful voters as mistrust him are not afraid that he will not be true to himself, but the contrary. They mistrust, not his integrity, but his judgment. They think he will do, if elected, as nearly what he thinks is right as a President can. He has been infinitely more discussed and scrutinized during the campaign than Judge Parker has. Such of his actions as were thought to be wrong, such of his qualities as are thought to be dangerous, have been very carefully canvassed and investigated. All that has been useful work, informing to the public and possibly profitable to the candidate himself. But on the whole it has not impaired Mr. Roosevelt's reputation. The mass of the voters in both parties still regard him as a very able and

honest man of his kind. Some voters don't like the kind, and they rejoice to find in Judge Parker a sound and judicious candidate of another variety.



IT was not graceful for the advocates of purity in politics to put in evidence against Candidate Roosevelt the letter of condolence that he wrote to Senator Quay's widow. If no other evidence than that could be adduced to prove the candidate's condonation of Mr. Quay's political practices, the charge would have been ill-supported. It is universally customary in letters of condolence to dwell on the less offensive characteristics of the departed. President Roosevelt wrote to Mrs. Quay: "Throughout my term as President Senator Quay has been my staunch and loyal friend." That was kind, it was true and it was judicious. It was creditable to Quay to have been the staunch and loyal friend of Roosevelt, and not discreditable to Roosevelt to have acknowledged Quay's friendship in his letter to Quay's widow. Personally Mr. Quay was very attractive and many good men liked him. Politically he was too able and too powerful for any Republican President to antagonize unless he got an exceptionally good chance. The leader of a party who proposes to make a crop has got to let a certain proportion of the tares grow up with the wheat. Quay was the kind of deep-rooted tare that no judicious political husbandman would have tried to pull up prematurely.



ALMOST all the Republicans and some Independents are going to vote for Roosevelt. Perhaps he will get some Democratic votes also. We will know better next week. Most of the Democrats, both gold and silver ones, will doubtless vote for Parker. He ought also to get some votes from Independents and Republicans who want tariff reform, and some from the Anti-imperialists. There are many Democrats to whom the present

condition of the Democratic party is unsatisfactory. Indeed, it may safely be said that there are very few to whom its condition is satisfactory. But the conservative Democrats are going to vote for Parker because he is their man, and most of the radicals will vote for him because it is their only chance to win. A good many Independents are expected to vote for him because they think it of vital importance to build up a strong conservative opposition to some policies and some tendencies with which the Republican party is now identified. There must be tariff reform, but the protected interests, which own the Republican party, will never permit it to come through that party, unless they are scared into it by fears of Democratic success. The Democratic party is the big stick of all the tariff reformers. They have a first-rate cause. They are willing to speak softly. They don't want free trade, nor panics, nor the collapse of prosperity, but they want some abatement of the taxation of the many for the benefit of a few, and they will cherish their big stick until they get it.



BOTH the candidates are good men. On one side is the efficient and pretty well united organization now in charge of the Government, which has the drawback of being dominated by selfish and extremely greedy commercial interests, and of being led by an able gentleman who is charged with over-eagerness to do things. On the other side is a collection of groups assembled over the grave of a buried hatchet, marshalled by leaders whose ultimate purposes conflict, and led by a worthy man whose capacity as a statesman is still largely conjectural. The advantage is obviously with Republicans; nevertheless, the amalgamated Democrats are sure to get nearly half the popular vote, and we shall see what we shall see.

It is a pleasure to record that on October 20, the *World* made a better-than-never admission that its story about Mr. Morgan's two visits to Oyster Bay wasn't so.



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"I PROMISED TO GIVE GEORGE MY ANSWER IN A WEEK."
"I PROMISED TO GIVE HIM MINE IN THREE DAYS."



WILL THEY CLEAR IT?

War.

A Russian and a Japanese were found locked in the embrace of death, where each had fallen by the other's hand. The teeth of the Japanese were sunk in the Russian's throat, while the Russian had forced two of his fingers into the eye-sockets of his antagonist.—*News from the Front*.

Dulce et decorum est.

For the millions who have neither the brains to write novels, nor the money to get into politics, war opens the only way to true glory. But for war, these two men would, no doubt, be frittering away their lives in mere industry, in some dull vale or village.

Statesmen who are already famous will not look well abol-

ishing war. It will inevitably be said that they do so in order to keep the plain people from butting in and making fame cheap and common.

By the by, the old notion that only followers of the Prince of Peace can put up a really good fight may now be deemed thoroughly exploded. It had its origin in the vanity of our pious ancestors and could not stand the test of experience.

“THE South seems divided as to the negro problem.”

“Yes, the whites want to solve it by subtraction, and the blacks by multiplication.”



Information Wanted.

WANTED—A SOLDIER AND WIFE who have lived with officers to milk one cow and be generally useful on a small suburban place in Baltimore. Good home and wages. Address C, care A. and N. Journal.—From “Army and Navy Journal,” of date Oct. 8, 1904.

QUERIES:

1. What breed is this “Cow,” that it requires a bold U. S. “Soldier and his wife to milk it”?
2. Is the milking done simultaneously, or does the wife merely relieve the soldier when he is exhausted?
3. What is just the result of “having lived with officers”? Does the General Staff now make its educational process so comprehensive, that it qualifies officers in things pastoral, so that they are able to turn out soldiers warranted to manage strange cows that require a “soldier and his wife to milk them”?

MANY McKinley Democrats propose to vote for Parker because they can find no sufficient reason why a Democrat should vote against him. Their feeling is that they will do their duty and leave the issue to Providence. But elections are not won by men who are content to leave anything to Providence that they can help. There seems to be overmuch Democratic resignation making for use in case of Parker's defeat. Dubious McKinley Democrats promise to contribute some of it, and the Bryanites and the Hearst people are accumulating a large supply.

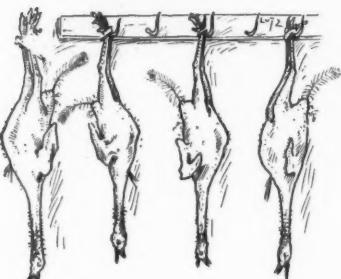
May Lieutenants Marry?

WE have had, as yet, no comment from the President upon the firm opinion of General Corbin, recently communicated, that no officer should enter the marriage relation without first getting permission from the War Department. General Corbin wants to make sure that officers are out of debt and able to support a wife, and have enough money ahead to buy a full new outfit of uniforms, before they marry. The first duty of a young officer is to have all the uniforms his job calls for, and to get a new set whenever the inventors of uniforms strike out a new idea. They are alleged to have new ideas with surpassing frequency, and of course it is embarrassing to the inventors to have their imaginations restricted by family claims on the young soldiers, for whose adornment they invent clothes. In the German army the importance of style is fully appreciated. No German officer can marry unless his prospective bride's income joined with his comes up to the minimum which the German military authorities consider essential to the proper maintenance of a married officer.

The German army is abundantly stylish. Its officers are reported to be almost universally in debt, whether married or not. So far as can be judged from the reports that cross the sea, the German army is one of the most appalling nuisances that was ever saddled on a suffering nation.

It is asserted that of thirty-two American officers who have been court-martialed since January, 1902, twenty-five were unmarried.

What does the President think



"BIRDS OF A FEATHER."



IN UTAH

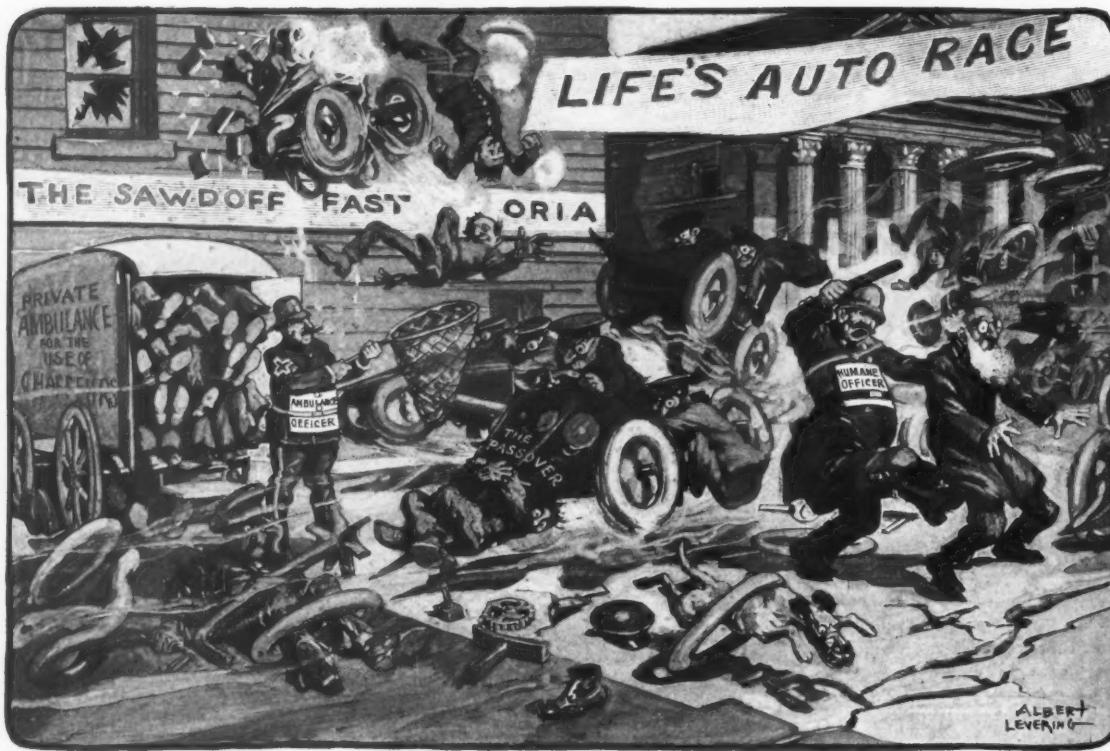
Client: CAN YOU REVEAL TO ME THE LIKENESS OF THE WOMAN I AM GOING TO MARRY?
Medium: I CAN GIVE YOU A COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH.

about General Corbin's recommendations? His views of the importance of raising families are well known. He has lately had as his guest the author of a book which aims to demonstrate that simplicity in living is one of the great goods, and that life may be profitable without being expensive. But he is also interested in military efficiency. Is there a conflict in his mind between his solicitude for the

future of the race and his solicitude for the efficiency of the army? The people would like to hear from him on this subject, and no doubt they will, though possibly not till after election.

Beneath Her.

"DID Marjorie marry for love?"
 "Oh, no. She is too well-bred for that."



SCENE IN WHICH VERY POOR TIME WAS MADE DURING THE PRELIMINARY TRIALS IN ONE OF THE TEN-SECOND CONTROLS.

LIFE'S AUTO RACE.

Fifth Avenue Has At Last Been Secured.

GREAT ENTHUSIASM.

FTER some delay in arranging the preliminaries, LIFE is at last able to announce that Fifth Avenue has been secured for the next International Auto Race.

The authorities were at first inclined to object, but when we pointed with pride to the fact that the Automobile Club of America was with us, and that several of our youngest and most reckless millionaires were actually suffering for a new sensation, they joyfully yielded.



The start will be made from Washington Square, and the contestants will go up Fifth Avenue to One Hundredth Street. Then they will turn around and go back again.

This is one lap of ten miles.

There will be thirty laps in all, making the regulation three hundred miles.

There has been some dispute about the hour of the start, no one being able to tell exactly what time of the day Fifth Avenue is most crowded.

Three-thirty P. M. has at last been decided on, however. Reggie Asterbilt, when told of the coming race, said :

"This is a splendid idea and I am surprised that it hasn't occurred to any of the boys before."

"It is a great mistake having these races on country roads. It takes so much advertising to get a crowd. But in Fifth Avenue we have a natural race track with all the people on the spot."

"There's only one thing I would suggest: and that is that we automobilists be amply protected."

"From your machines?" he was asked.

"Oh, no! We don't mind dying for the glory of the contest, but there ought to be a sufficient number of policemen on hand to keep the vulgar crowd from throwing stones and remarking, 'Git a horse!'"

When he was assured that this would be done, he immediately entered his car.

Billy Bonder was very enthusiastic.

"You can count on me, of course," he exclaimed.

"I've been sitting around the club-room for three days, with nothing to do but smoke cigarettes and look at the ticker. My chauffeurs are at present all in the hospital, but never mind! I'll drive my car myself. This ought to wake New York up."

Dicky Von Rocks could scarcely contain himself.

"I have a new French car coming," he exclaimed, "that is eight-hundred horse power, and I expect to get about

two hundred miles an hour on it. Good for you! I'll win the race if it takes a leg."

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

The start will be made next Thursday afternoon.

There will be a timekeeper on the Flat Iron Building, and any machine caught going less than fifty miles an hour will be barred out.

Five thousand policemen will be on hand to promptly club to death any citizen who protests against the race.

Being a public thoroughfare, no vehicle can be ordered off the Avenue during the progress of the race. But, of course, if they get smashed up, it will be their own fault.

It is a great deal more important that we should find out who owns the fastest car in America, than that a few indiscreet idiots may suffer from their own folly in getting in the way.

Every car must weigh at least fifty pounds.

The proceeds from the grand stands will go toward a chauffeur hospital fund, for the benefit of the chauffeurs who may be disabled in this glorious cause.

OUR MOTTO :

"Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Pedestrians."

Life and the American Girl.

MY DEAR LIFE: I have read with considerable interest the article in your issue dated September 29th, on page 302, signed *Cosmopolitan Reader*, and I must say that some of the views therein set forth contain more than a grain of truth. While I think your correspondent is unduly severe in his criticism of the American Girl as a whole, there is one phase of the subject which, in my opinion, is well worth serious consideration. Allow me to quote briefly: "And, LIFE, do let us have fewer poems on girls—not because these poems are not good, quite on the contrary, but because it will, in the end, pay Americans to be less gallant and have fewer overbearing, silly women among them."

I quite agree with your "Cosmopolitan Reader" in this respect. There are too many "poems on girls." Yes, and too many pictures of girls. The magazines and papers are full of them. Why should the girls have



PERCY.



REGINALD.

a monopoly? I believe the boys are entitled to some consideration; and carrying out this thought, I beg to submit herewith a few "poems on boys," which, I trust, will be of interest to your many readers:

PERCY.

O H! when I gaze into dear Percy's eyes, My heart upleaps with chastened, glad surprise; May Heaven send rich blessings from above, And ever grant him peace, and joy, and love.

CLARENCE.

Dear Clarence, with the roguish eyes, And noble brow serene, You wear the most exquisite ties Which I have ever seen.



CLARENCE.

Your raiment costly is, and neat, From Derby down to Shoes, I'd lay my fortune at your feet— Only,—you hit the booze.

REGINALD.

Reginald, darling, come home with me now! I'm pining and longing for thee, I've had not one moment of comfort, I vow, Since the day I obtained my decree.

My mansion on Broadway all desolate stands Awaiting my Regie's return, With servants galore to obey my commands, And with millions of dollars to burn.

Then, Regie, my darling, don't hesitate, but Come back to your senses,—and me, For I'm told society's doors will soon shut In the face of the fair divorcee.

I have noticed that in every case where "poems on girls" are published, a drawing accompanies the verses, so that I have carried out this idea in my "poems on boys."

Respectfully submitted,

Albert E. Peters.

Query.

"DOCTOR, what is the matter with me?"

The man who had called together all the experts that he could collect to pass on his condition, raised himself up anxiously as the spokesman came in.

That able practitioner smiled sadly and shook his head.

"It is too soon yet to determine," he replied.

"Too soon!" exclaimed the patient. "Too soon! Why, my dear sir, you doctors have been examining me with instruments and pounding me now for the last forty-eight hours. Aren't you in a position to name my trouble?"

"Not quite yet, sir," was the reply.

"Well, when can I know?"

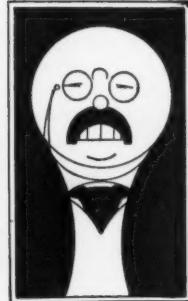
The able doctor rested his glasses reflectingly upon the bedpost.

"My dear sir," he replied, "just as soon as we can get together and determine the matter by a two-thirds majority."

GEOMETRICAL VIEWS OF THE CANDIDATES.



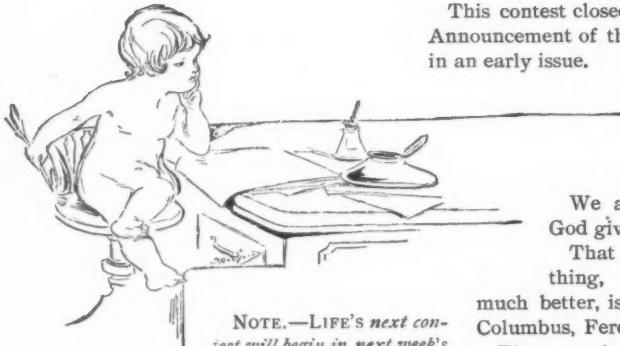
THIS ONE—



THE OTHER ONE.

• LIFE •

Are Three American Women Out of Five Disappointed in Their Husbands?



NOTE.—LIFE's next contest will begin in next week's LIFE.

No. 9.

THE answer is, yes.

Life consists largely in disappointments. Some satisfactions are necessary, for continual disappointment would depress life to a point where it would cease to exist. But the fact is that every success only lures us on to a disappointment that lies in wait just beyond.

From this frequency of disappointment, I infer that it has a fixed place and purpose in the divine economy.

Life is motion, and its essence is a perpetual adjustment; just as walking is a constantly falling forward, and safety lies in the recovery.

If there were not frequent disappointments, there would be no constant desire and reaching out for better things—no progress, no advancement.

The woman who is not disappointed in her husband, either has no husband or is not deserving of one. She is of so slow and sluggish a nature that her brain cannot conceive an ideal—her hopes are undeveloped and abnormally small.

The person of superior intelligence expects much, and ideality always outruns performance. The great and good woman can imagine a better man than God has even so far made—this is to her eternal credit. She may be the mother of such!

I can imagine Utopia, but to create it is something else.

Life is a druggist's clerk: she is always out of the particular thing we want, but she has something else just as good.

This contest closed in October 20th issue. Announcement of the winner will be made in an early issue.

We ask for one thing, and God gives us another.

That Columbus sought one thing, and found something much better, is not to the discredit of Columbus, Ferdinand or Isabella.

That marriage is a disappointment does not prove it a failure. And because wives are disappointed in their husbands is not necessarily anything against the husbands, nor does it argue weakness and absurdity on the part of the wives.

The sex instinct is so overloaded that there is a goodly margin which allows a trade discount and still leaves the disappointed parties a balance of joy.

Heaven does not exist in reaching heaven and enjoying it. Heaven consists in journeying there. When we get to heaven we always find it hell. Hell is a matter of reaching heaven and sitting down to enjoy it forever more.

Disappointment is our greatest blessing, since it keeps us from going to hell.

Disappointment is always urging us on to new hopes and new activities, and through these activities do we reach the only heaven that mortals know.

Exercise is growth.

Elbert Hubbard.

No. 10.

ARE three American women out of five disappointed in their husbands? I should say yes; I'd make it five, and I'd eliminate the word American and make the proposition general.

Their disappointment is reasonable and natural; it is a universal law; appetite and anticipation are more pleasurable than the processes of digestion and realization. The flowers of spring inevitably lead to the searness of autumn and the nakedness of winter.

Do you recall the two impressive personalities of ancient patent medicine days—Messrs. Before and After Taking? Reverse their order and make

matrimony the medicine, and After will be Before, and Before After, and you will have photographs of the lover and husband, the fiancée and the financier, as the sex pictures them.

In the days of courtship, the mushy season, the maiden gets hot air, candy, theatre tickets, auto rides, rings, bouquets and a general con game; while the suffering father throws in the gas, sofa and other Cupidary props. The raw material for the husband comes with his best clothes, manners, front, breath and language, distributes gold bricks prodigally; and the girl is assured that she is the solitary geological specimen by the sad sea wave. After marriage come negligee, deshabille and the familiarity that breeds disillusion and discontent. Each of the two good things gets too much of the other good thing. The fires of love burn low and the ashes are gray, ghastly and gritty. Beef, butter and bread supplant bouquets; rent comes more often than rings; hot air under pressure develops sulphur and explosion; theatre tickets are not as noticeable as pawn tickets; and sentiment, which may remain with success for a while, scuttles before seediness. The lover drops back to the normal man; and the wife of every day in the week ceases to be the angel of the sofa and one hour per week.

Only character and children will save the situation; neither are overwhelmingly popular in this age of flats.

Experience teaches us that some women have ideals, some merely functional disorders; those who add a husband to their other troubles find him less attentive, less constant. The unknown, the mysterious, appeals to a woman; when she solves the mystery, when the burr is off the chestnut, when she finds plain wood under the bark, she is disappointed and outraged. A woman loves a hero; a husband in an undershirt or in pajamas, shaving himself, or linimenting his rheumatism, is not heroic. Hercules was away most of the time; Hobson didn't marry; Nelson kept to sea.

Women and men are much alike, subject to the same passions and preju-



China: MY DRAGON DRIVES WELL WITH SUCH A LEADER.

dices, pleased by the same illusions, disappointed by the same disillusionments. Three men out of five want some other fellow's job; and I reckon three American women out of five are disappointed with their (own) husbands; but, unless the press prevaricates, they are not disappointed with the other woman's husband.

No. II.

MY DEAR LIFE: I wonder if you realize what a terribly embarrassing question you have propounded, or how limited is the number that is qualified to answer it with any degree of truthfulness.

The married women themselves are handicapped as witnesses, of course; their testimony would be of too personal a character, and, in any case, fear of discovery would prevent their being perfectly honest in expressing themselves.

To the men we can scarcely look, either, for an unprejudiced and dis-

passionate reply to your query. It is only natural that they should be biased in favor of themselves, and as long as the spirit of masculine superiority prevails, we cannot hope to witness the edifying spectacle of the majority of husbands in our country presenting themselves to the public as "Disappointments" in the domestic drama.

It is then out of the mouths of old maids and spinsters only, women of untrammeled liberty of thought and speech, that any real information can issue on this subject.

With some complacency I confess I am such an one, and as such feel that my opinion should receive some attention (if not a check).

After many illuminating experiences with married specimens of the opposite sex, and in spite of daily disillusionizing discoveries made in regard to other women's husbands, I find, after close observation and skillfully conducted cross-examinations of these same wom-

en, that I can affirm positively and without reservation that the majority of American married women—poor dears—are *not* disappointed in their husbands . . . but they ought to be.

Their contentment is a beautiful illustration of bandaged-eyed-love; an *édition de luxe* of conjugal felicity.

In defense of satisfied wives, it must be said, however, that disappointment, whether it be great or small, implies previous expectations—and the three out of every five women who marry expect so little from the men to whom they attach themselves that they are in but little danger of suffering from defeated hopes, which probably accounts for the majority of our married women being pleased with—nay, even admiring—those whom they fatuously term—their better half.

Hoping that I may hear from you,
I am yours in LIFE,

Miss Ann Thrope.
BUTT-IN-VILLE, BUSYBURY CO

• LIFE



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IN THE PLYMOUTH

•LIFE•



THE PLYMOUTH WOODS.



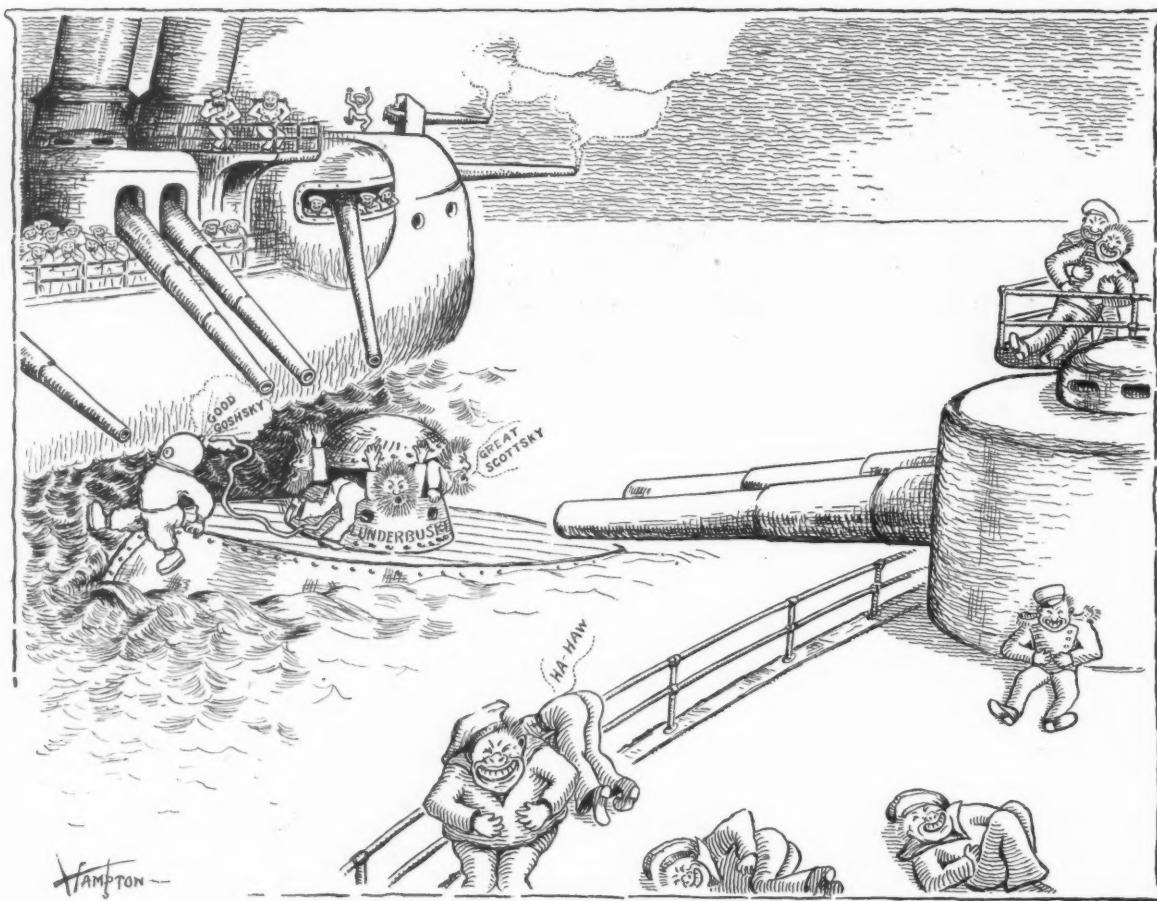
With Shakespeare as a Headliner.

NOT much in the way of an excuse is needed to make the Theatrical Trust push up the price of theatre tickets on the public. It costs practically three dollars and a half a seat to see Mr. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in Shakespeare's plays. Undesirable seats may be had at three dollars, but, under the Trust's method of dealing with the public, seats which are worth occupying can only be obtained at the higher figure. Whether Mr. Sothern and Julia Marlowe have attained such eminence in their profession as to entitle them, jointly or severally, to make such a demand on the public has nothing to do with the case.

It is enough if their joining forces gives the Trust even the flimsiest excuse to extort more money from the too gullible patrons of the Trust theatres.

Judging by the actual rendering of *Romeo and Juliet* by these artists, the advance is hardly warranted. Julia Marlowe's *Juliet* has been seen before, and while it is still a picturesque and intelligent impersonation, time has not improved its reading, and certainly has not increased its never-superabundant fire. Mr. Sothern's *Romeo* seems overcast with the melancholy of his *Hamlet*, which melancholy is increased by the monotonous falling cadence of his delivery. This has always been a serious blemish on Mr. Sothern's elocution, which it is doubtless too late for him to attempt to change, but its elimination would tend to make the ever-lugubrious *Romeo* less rather than more melancholy than he needs to be. In appearance Mr. Sothern is sufficiently youthful for the part, and his reading is intelligent even if his delivery lacks distinction. Jointly he and Julia Marlowe do not seem to inspire each other to great flights. Their work seems to be animated by a professional respect for each other which precludes their giving to their scenes any great amount of spontaneous enthusiasm and force; on this account their acting does not stir the audience to great emotion.

The supporting company is a moderately good one, no one in the cast getting out of his or her part all there is in it. The play is



THE LATEST NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.

THE RUSSIAN SUBMARINE BOAT BLUNDERBUSKI BECAME UNMANAGEABLE, AND AROSE TO THE SURFACE AT THE MOST CRITICAL TIME AND PLACE, AND ALL THE JAPS WERE OVERCOME (WITH LAUGHTER).

staged in complicated fashion, the garden scene being really very effective, and lending probability to an episode which, in the usual scenic conditions, needs to be strongly bolstered up by the imagination. High as is the estimation in which Shakespeare should be held, it seems hardly fair to him that the Theatrical Trust should lay an impost of three dollars and a half on this particular presentation of one of his plays. The production is an expensive one, to be sure, but not as much so as many others given at regular rates. If the combination of the two stars resulted in a superlatively good performance, and the supporting company was a remarkable one, the addition might be justified. As it stands, the increase is simply one of the Trust's shrewd tricks for doing its patrons.

* * *

Tlast it is possible for the New Yorker of average size—and the excellence of New York markets and New York restaurants makes the average New Yorker, male and female, of more than average size—to sit through a performance at the Weber

Music Hall without having his anatomy tortured by a chair three sizes too small for the ordinary midget. Other improvements have made the hall a very attractive place of resort. The first entertainment under the new management affords a good basis on which to work the constructive improvement by which the productions at this house have hitherto been made successes. The music of "Higgledy-Piggledy," the nonsensical title of which has nothing to do with the piece, is only so-so. One or two of the songs appeal to the fancy and the general effect is pleasing, but there is no number which is remarkable. The book is pretty thin, but offers excellent opportunities for future enrichment in the way of funny lines. Mr. Weber is the same clever and laugh-inspiring artist as of yore, and his new partner, Mr. Morris, is at least free from the coarse methods of his predecessor Anna Held has her place in the aggregation of talent, but she is given too much prominence. The great addition to the forces—great in every sense—is Marie Dressler. She does not belong to the Ibsen or the anæmic school of acting, but here her big, likable, laughable personality is exactly the right place, and her every appearance on the stage is the cue for merriment. Little Franz Ebert is also in the company but has practically nothing to do in this first effort. Those who saw "The Lilliputians" will recall his artistic ability, and the combination of Messrs Weber and Ebert and Marie Dressler as a fun-making trio should be an inspiration to the dramatist of the Weber Music Hall. There are other clever people in the company,



MR. DAVID WARFIELD À LA BEETHOVEN.

and the chorus—well, it's fortunate for the saintly reputation of St. Anthony that it was established before this aggregation of pretty faces and shapeliness was brought together.

* * *



O Mrs. Gilbert LIFE respectfully lifts his chapeau and extends to her the assurance of his high esteem and admiration. When LIFE is eighty-three years old, to which immaturity Mrs. Gilbert blushingly pleaded guilty the other evening, when she made her first appearance as a star, he hopes he will be as brave and bonny and generally debonair as she showed herself on that momentous occasion in her career. To many younger persons the honors of stardom have come with smaller desert and less grace. May she long live to

enjoy them, is LIFE's sincere wish, in which will join thousands to whom Mrs. Gilbert's work has been a joy.

Mr. Clyde Fitch, admitting an indefinite measure of indebtedness to a French author, provided the medium for Mrs. Gilbert's début as a star, in a play entitled "Granny." It is the most unpretentious and best thing which has come from his pen for a considerable time. The play is quite entitled to stand on its own merits, without the aid given to it by Mrs. Gilbert's popularity and the remarkable and probably unprecedented fact that it introduced as a star an actress eighty-three years of age. It deals with very human motives readily understandable, and its story is developed in a most natural way. It is wholesome and clean, free from cynicism and quite as valuable, in a literary way, as the most knowing of Mr. Fitch's microscopic studies of the petty amusements and foibles of New York's newly-rich. *Granny's* fostering of the love affair between the two young persons of the play is a very worthy piece of dramatic writing. An excellent foil to Mrs. Gilbert's aged *Granny* is provided in Marie Doro's extremely pretty and girlish *Dora*. Most of our ingénues are in fact so sophisticated that their acting is very evidently acting; but Marie Doro is so unaffectedly young, and her beauty so bewitching, that she seemed not to act at all, but to be simply her own charming self.

The production of "Granny" was a happy event for Mrs. Gilbert, Marie Doro and Mr. Clyde Fitch.

Metcalfe.

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

Academy of Music.—Last week of "Checkers." Racing and slangy, but funny.

American.—Last week of French comedy company in repertory of French plays.

Belasco.—David Warfield in "The Music Master." A fine piece of acting.

Broadway.—"Love's Lottery," with Mme. Schumann-Heink as the star. Musical operetta, well sung.

Casino.—"Piff, Paff, Pouf." Laughable and musical farce.

Criterion.—William H. Crane in "Business Is Business." French play, illustrating the disagreeable domestic consequences of modern finance.

Daly's.—"The Cingalee." Empire.—"The Duke of Killicrankie," with John Drew and capable company. Polite and diverting. Amusing comedy by Henry Arthur Jones, agreeably acted.

Garden.—"The College Widow." George Ade's laughable picture of college life in America.

Garrick.—Mr. Henry Miller in "Joseph Entangled." Well presented comedy.

Hudson.—A. W. Pinero's "Letty." The seamy side of British morals in fair stage presentation.

Knickerbocker.—E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlow in Shakespearian repertory. See opposite.

Lyceum.—Mrs. Gilbert in "Granny." See above.

Lyric.—Otis Skinner in "The Harvester." Rural life in lower Canada. Well done, but not palatable.

Manhattan.—Last week of "Vanity Fair" in stage form, with Mrs. Fiske as *Becky Sharp*. Interesting and well staged.

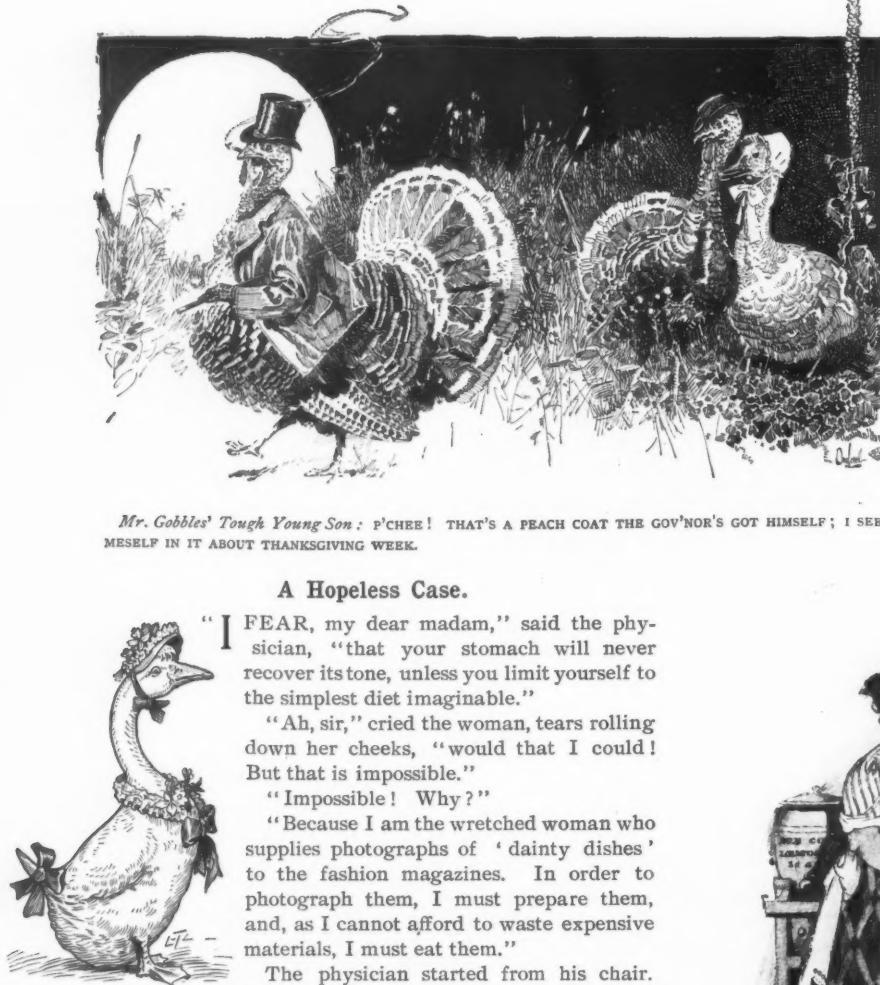
New York.—"Parsifal" in English.

Princess.—"A Message from Mars," with Charles Hawtrey as the star. Amusing satire on selfishness.

Savoy.—"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Curious types from the novel, well reproduced.

Wallack's.—"The Sho-Gun." Girls and glitter, with musical accompaniment.

Weber Music Hall.—"Higgledy-Piggledy." See above.



A Hopeless Case.

"I FEAR, my dear madam," said the physician, "that your stomach will never recover its tone, unless you limit yourself to the simplest diet imaginable."

"Ah, sir," cried the woman, tears rolling down her cheeks, "would that I could ! But that is impossible."

"Impossible ! Why ?"

"Because I am the wretched woman who supplies photographs of 'dainty dishes' to the fashion magazines. In order to photograph them, I must prepare them, and, as I cannot afford to waste expensive materials, I must eat them."

The physician started from his chair.
"It is certain death," he cried. "What have you eaten to-day, my child ?"

"I had for breakfast a shredded wheat biscuit filled with candied violets and olives, with a maple sugar and grated cheese sauce, the whole surrounded with a wreath of daisies for decorative effect. For luncheon," the horror deepening in her eyes, "a large ripe tomato stuffed with cold lobster Newburg and chopped nuts, served with a sherry and chocolate dressing. This was topped with a pure white chrysanthemum, and a few orchids were laid lightly about the plate. They made beautiful photographs."

"And they call men brave," murmured the doctor. "I now understand why so large a percentage of my patients are women."

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

ARE Christmas presents a blessing or a nuisance ? This question will be propounded in next week's LIFE, and our readers will be asked to contribute to its solution.

The Adams' Family Motto.

WE observe in Crozier's *General Armory* that the motto of the Massachusetts Adams family is set down as being "Aspire, persevere and indulge not."

We take the liberty of believing that the motto of this Presidential family got changed at birth, and, if it had its rights, would read : "Pspire, asseverate and budge not."

The Massachusetts Adamses are still a hard-working family, prone to asseveration, and good stickers.

FIRST MORMON : Where's Brother Jones?

SECOND MORMON : Gone East to replenish his fall stock.



Irvine Boothe : DO YOU NOT THINK THAT MY PERFORMANCE HERE TO-NIGHT WILL BE A BENEFIT TO YOUR TOWN ?

Mrs. Casey : SURE, IT'S BROUGHT ME GOOD LUCK ALREADY ! I SOLD OUT ALL ME ROTTEN FRUIT BEFORE NOON TIME TO-DAY.

The Fake Diary of a Fake Boy.

BY TOMMY W. LOSTSOME, BOSTON.



MAY 1.—Brite and fair. I have kept a diry since I was three years old. It is ezy for me to rite. I have a new bank with \$3 dollars and a quarter in it. in a weak I am going to new york to see some boys I know Jonnie pocketfeeler and his brother willie and henry h Dodgers. they said bring your bank.

MAY 2.—Brite and fair. today I was taking pictures of myself with my new camera. I got it fixed so I can take my picture by pulling a string. I am getting a book full of my pictures. my printing press is working buly now. I printed my name in big tipe on all my pictures.

MAY 3.—Brite and fair me and Ebee jordan bought a bily gote for \$1 dollar and a haf. he bought all the gote but I own haf because I know all about gotes and I get haf for keeping him. the man that sold him to us said he was a awful strong gote—that's what my folks said too.

MAY 4.—Brite and fair. today I sold some of my share of the gote to four other boys for 25 cents a share. Ebee was mad and said do you think that gote is ralerode or a street car company. All rite for you Ebee after today you got to pay me for keeping him.

MAY 6.—Brite and fair. I sold four more shares of the gote. Nine boys wanted to buy but Ebee was so mad I didnt. he had three fites yesterday over whose turn it was to drive. I have made \$2 dollars and 10 cents off our gote.

MAY 7.—Brite and fair. the gote is sick. all the boys came over to look at him. he can't stand up. I said I guess he will die and I would like to own all of him before he dies. Ebee sold out for nothing for he owed me 30 cents for keeping him. the other boys sold out for 5 cents a peace.

MAY 8.—Brite and fair. tomorrow I am going to new york to see those boys. they live at 26 broadway. the gote is all rite now. he was sick because I gave him a lot of pills. mother said they had epekkak in them.

MAY 13.—Brite and fair—no I mean rany. father wont ever let me play

with Jonnie pocketfeeler or willie or henry h dodgers again and I dont want to. he said your lucky they didnt get your clothes. when I went up to their play house they said did you bring your new bank and I said yes its got \$4 dollars and 80 cents in it. they said did you ever try the japanese wrastle. I said no. they said its great we will show you and you can work it on the boys in boston. I said all rite. they said you lay down and I did and Willie and Jonnie lade down beside me and put their foot on my foot and locked their arm in mine. then they said jap jap throw the jap and then henry dodgers went through my pockets and swiped everything I had. I couldnt move. it was a roten way to treat a feller.

MAY 14.—Brite and fair. today I printed some cards. I am going to tell all about henry h Dodgers and those pocketfeeler boys he plays with. they are the worst gang I ever saw. they were real nice til they new I had \$4 dollars and 80 cents. then henry dodgers eyes got green and blue and pink and he started that japanese wrastle. Every other boy ought to know about that place 26 broadway.

MAY 15.—Brite and fair. today me

and Ebee and Daly worked the japanese wrastle on three other boys. I got a wife, a sling a trot line and 43 cents.

A. C. Fulton.

A Relic.

AMONG the sights of the city is the quarter called the American Colony.

Here one is carried back to ancient New York. Almost everybody is dressed in good taste, after the quaint American fashion. It affects one curiously to meet women who are not loaded with diamonds. The old American institutions are preserved; even a theatre which is not run by a syndicate, and where genuine drama is offered. The inhabitants carry on various enterprises in their own way, and their naif manner of trading among themselves is amusing. The spectacle of scrupulous honesty within a stone's throw of Broadway is as laughable as it is odd.

The American Colony is dwindling, and before long will have passed away. The younger Americans drift into the current of the city's life, and the old ones die off. Besides, the land which the Colony occupies is wanted for flats and department stores.

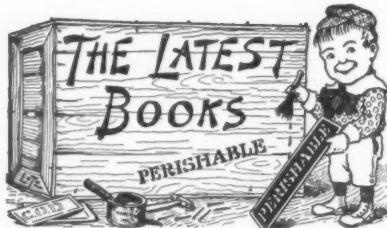


REPUBLICAN OR DEMOCRATIC?

Woman: YOU DON'T THINK I'M IN A PRECARIOUS STATE, DO YOU, DOCTOR?

Dr. Kilm: NO, NOT PRECARIOUS, BUT IN A DOUBTFUL STATE; BOTH PARTIES ARE CLAIMING IT, YOU KNOW.

• LIFE •



REALISM, meaning the literary depiction of life as it is rather than as we would have it, is a term almost obsolete, so constantly is it used as a cloak for morbidity or as a euphemism for the pessimistic. In its truer sense it is applicable to *The House of Fulfilment*, by George Madden Martin, although, by the same token, *The House of Partial Fulfilment* would better express the later development of Mrs. Martin's delicate and lifelike tale.

The reconciliation of science and religion seems to be in the air, although

most of the efforts to that end are reducible to an attempt to lift the soul by its own spiritual boot-straps—good psychic exercise, but otherwise ineffectual. Orlando J. Smith, as he has already proved in an interesting volume called *Eternalism*, is a staunch upholder of that form of natural religion which would build a cosmic order upon human ideals of abstract justice. Mr. Smith is a lucid writer, and has just published a treatise called *Balance: the Fundamental Verity*, in which he argues from premises laid down in his former book to a theoretical agreement between science and religion as he defines it.

True science and true religion, by the way, do not need to be reconciled. They need only to be discovered. And all discussion is valuable in so far as it tends toward that ideal consummation. A volume of essays by C. W. Saleeby, entitled *The Cycle of Life According to Modern Science*,

contains articles to learn from, articles to quarrel with, and articles to think about—a very good mental bill of fare.

Upton Sinclair's *Manassas, a Novel of the War*, belongs, with *The Crossing*, in the category of aerated history. *Manassas*, however, is at once more effective and less labored. Its real subject is the history of public opinion, North and South, during the twenty years which saw the abolition movement come to its fruition, and for most of its readers it will have the advantage of a brilliant contemporary picture viewed almost from the vantage point of posterity.

Social and financial New York in the late sixties, the culmination and collapse of the Gould-Fisk gold "corner" of '66 and the proletarian orgasm of the Paris Commune are subjects and scenes of big potentiality for the writer of fiction. Frederick S. Isham has handled them in his novel *Black Friday*, and the result is *parvum in multo*. The effect is that of a large stage, a leading man of some presence and a small and inefficient company, mostly supers.

Maeterlinck's essay, *Our Friend, the Dog*, and Mark Twain's story, *A Dog's Tale*, have each been published in book form. More people will read the tale, but copies of the essay will be dog-eared when the tale has been laughed at and deservedly forgotten. The contrast is striking and suggests the dog-ward attitude as a common denominator for the comparison of contemporary writers. Certainly Jack London and Richard Harding Davis, Maeterlinck and Mark Twain are classifiable by their dogs.

J. B. Kerfoot.

The House of Fulfilment. By George Madden Martin. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.50.)
Balance: the Fundamental Verity. By Orlando J. Smith. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.25.)

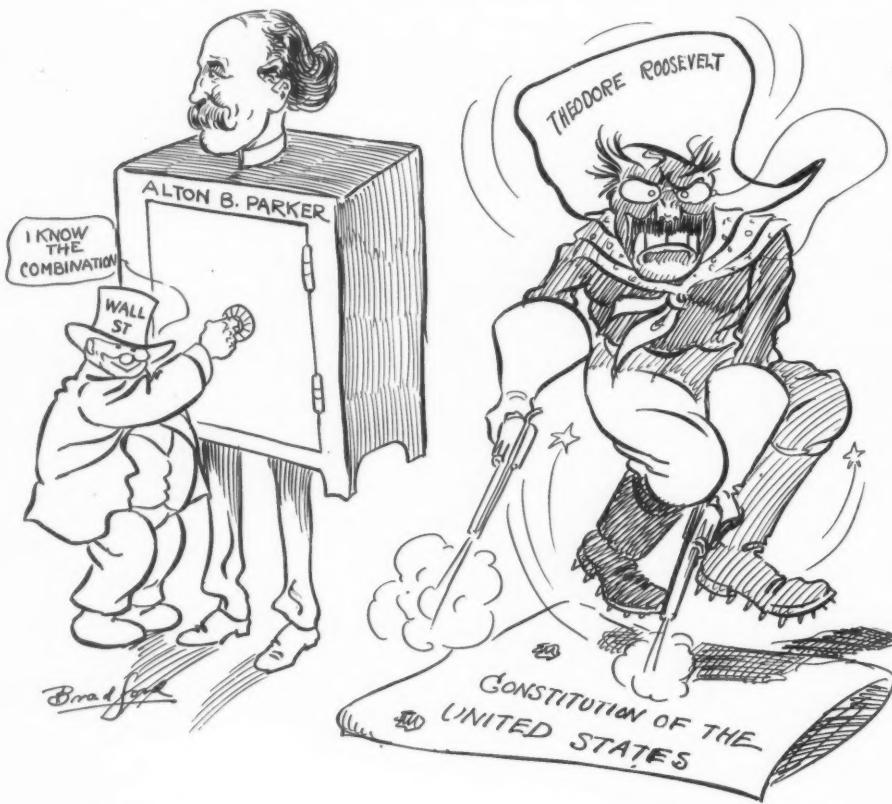
The Cycle of Life. By C. W. Saleeby. (Harper and Brothers. \$2.00.)

Manassas. By Upton Sinclair. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

Black Friday. By Frederick S. Isham. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

Our Friend, the Dog. By Maurice Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead and Company.)

A Dog's Tale. By Mark Twain. (Harper and Brothers.)



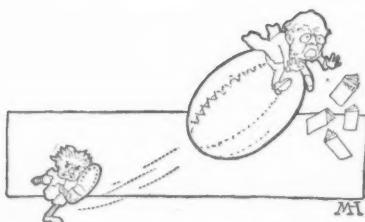
THE WAY A REPUBLICAN SEES PARKER—AND—THE WAY A DEMOCRAT SEE'S ROOSEVELT.



FROGVILLE SKETCHES

"CHEESE IT! THE COPS!"

Sports.



A PROFESSOR at Yale, looking into the matter of students' expenses, is astonished to find boys who own up to having lost as much as eight hundred

dollars in a single season in bets laid on the event of college sports.

And yet, why not?

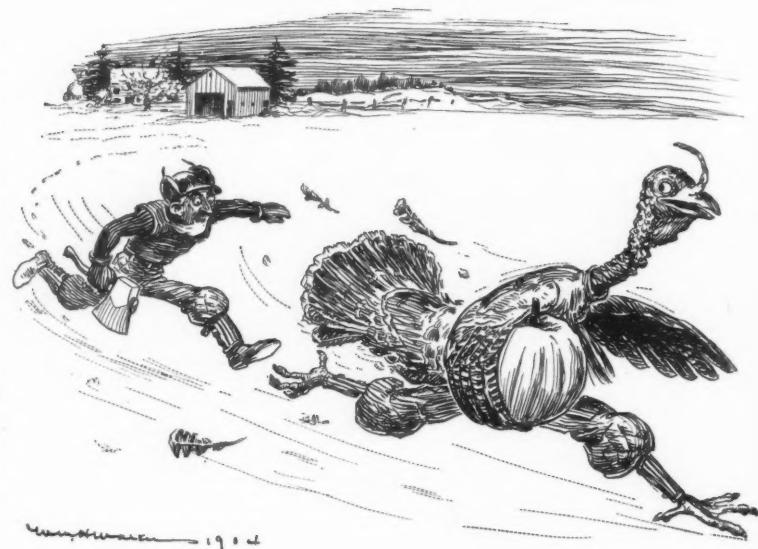
College sports are not what they used to be. Nobody is permitted to play in them except a select band of trained bruisers. The only way the average student may get into the game at all is by making a bet. In that way he gets to enjoy a penumbrous exhilaration which is better than nothing.

If a student be very poor, he is altogether out of it. In that sad case, he may only yell, or betake himself to some obscure little college, where sports have not as yet taken on the character of exclusiveness.

Ready-Made.

NODD: I hear your boy has gone on a newspaper. I thought you were first going to put him through the College of Journalism.

TODD: I was. But I found he was a natural-born liar.



THE THANKSGIVING GAME.

From a Mother's Diary.

HOW true it is that every cloud has a silver lining! Yesterday I was distressed beyond measure to find my poor, darling girl infatuated with an epileptic and determined to marry him. But to-day I learn that epilepsy is the mark of an old family. I have it on authority that it takes at least four generations to make an epileptic.

Dear Nanny! She was wiser than her mamma, after all. I am very happy; more happy, I fear, than I deserve to be.



"CREEPING LIKE SNAIL UNWILLINGLY TO SCHOOL."

Action.

THE eminent motorist who makes it his serious business to drive his car round an ordinary circular mile track in fifty seconds or so, and who has, on at least two occasions, plunged off through the crowd come out for to see his prodigies, killing some and maiming more, publicly avows a purpose to cover the mile in thirty-five seconds, and thus makes it tolerably clear why he is not in jail.

This is distinctly the age of men who do things. Mawkish sentiment cannot be permitted to put obstacles in their way.

Psychologists aver that a man going faster than a mile a minute is going faster than he can think, and that chance, and not intelligence, is steering his vehicle, provided it be not held in its way by fixed rails. But nobody pays much attention to psychologists.

The Wrong Combination.

"So you dined at Rigby's?"

"Yes. The chicken they served must have been ten years old."

"And the whiskey?"

"Well, that was about as old as the chicken should have been."

A SCHOOL is a place where children should learn—not where they are taught.



LIFE.



JUST A BOY'S DOG.

No, siree, that dog won't bite;
Not a bit o' danger!
What's his breed? Shore I don't know;
Jest a "boy's dog," stranger.

No St. Bernard—yet last year,
Time the snow was deepest,
Dragged a little shaver home
Where the hill was steepest.

Ain't a bulldog, but you bet
"Twouldn't do to scoff him.
Fastened on a tramp one time—
Couldn't pry him off him.

Not a pointer—jest the same,
When it is all over,
Ain't a better critter round
Startin' up the plover.

Sell him? Say, there ain't his price,
Not in all the Nation!
Jest a "boy's dog"; that's his breed—
Finest in creation.
—McLandburgh Wilson, in *New York Sun*.

HIS OPINION.

The colonel had had a very lucky day, the fish had been biting well, and he had several large ones stored safely away in the boat. He had just taken in his line, and was pouring out his usual drink of "rye" before pulling in the anchor. It had been the custom of the colonel to drink alone, but something to-day prompted him to offer his guide, Bert, a drink. Bert did not hesitate in his acceptance, and carefully watched the colonel pour out scarcely enough to cover the bottom of the glass. The guide was disappointed, but took the glass.

"One minute before you drink that," said the colonel. "Do you know how old that whiskey is?"

Bert did not.

"That's twenty-one years old!"

"Well," said Bert, looking at it again, "it's pretty d—n small for its age."—R. G.

A WELL-KNOWN Chicago clergyman, who is a widower and the father of two charming grown daughters, is also something of a wag. During his vacation this summer he sent the following telegram to his daughters:

"Have just married a widow with six children. Will be home to-morrow."

The next day he arrived alone, and found his daughters in tears.

"W-where is the w-widow?" they sobbed in unison.

"Oh," he replied, a merry twinkle in his eye, "I married her to another man."—*Chicago Daily News*.



"A MERE SLIP OF A GIRL."

"I'm afraid, Johnny," said the Sunday-school teacher, rather sadly, "that I shall never meet you in the better land."

"Why? What have you been doin' now?"—*Pick-Me-Up*.

WHEN the Japanese begin their next advance movement, Kuropatkin's best chance to escape will be to shinny up the North Pole and pull the pole up after him.—*San Francisco Bulletin*.

TEA.

[Dr. Charles Liebrand says that five o'clock tea will before long become the most hygienic meal of the day.]

I used to think that drinking tea
Was very, very bad for me;
It gave me "pains," and things like that;
It made me jumpy as a cat;
Tea every day, the doctors cried,
Was practically suicide.

But Dr. Liebrand comes along
To prove all other doctors wrong.
A man, he says, by daily teas,
Becomes a sort of Hercules.
If such a meal he don't omit,
In time he rivals Hackensmidt.

So bring the urn, produce the cup,
And fill the sugar-basin up.
In future we must spend each day
In thoroughly Johnsonian way,
Now that we know there's no superior
Emollient for the interior.

—*London Globe*.

WITH CHARITY FOR ALL.

Miss Lola La Follette, the daughter of the Governor of Wisconsin, goes on the stage this fall. A Madison woman said of her the other day:

"Miss La Follette has a ready and rather caustic wit.

"At a meeting that we held here for a charitable purpose Miss La Follette was one of those who passed through the audience with plates for contributions.

"A rich miser sat in a rear seat alone, and when Miss La Follette extended her plate to him, he said, grimly:

"I have nothing—nothing."

"The young girl knew the man was wealthy, and, with a little smile, she said:

"Take something, then. This collection, you know, is for the poor."—*Baltimore Herald*.

"Very well, sir," said Dr. Quack, after his quarrel with the undertaker, "I'll make you sorry for this!"

"What are you going to do?" asked the undertaker; "retire from practice?"—*Philadelphia Press*.

It seems the only really safe place for the poor, persecuted automobilists is in the British diplomatic service.—*The Atlanta Journal*.

WILSON WHISKEY
That's All!

No other brewing is bought by a more discriminating class of people—no other brewing so completely meets the exacting requirements of those who prefer quality to quantity, as does

Evans' Ale

Sold by Dealers Everywhere

Established 1860

150 Varieties

ESTERBROOK'S Steel Pens

Sold Everywhere

The Best Pens Made

FOR years we have maintained an important Livery Department, and have been making Livery of so excellent a quality for Coachmen, Footmen, House-Servants and Chauffeurs, that we are quite willing to have it compared with any on the market.

The high character of materials used, the extreme care that is exercised by our tailors, and the accuracy of details, have been sufficient to satisfy an exacting clientele.

All varieties of Whicord Livery, Body Coats in all the standard colors, heavy Box-cloth and Kersey Overcoats, splendid Persian Lamb-trimmed Great Coats, Riding Breeches, Hats, Shoes, Boots and Furnishings, READY NOW.

We make a great many very superior Riding Breeches in Silks, Pongees, Khaki, Duck, Drilling, Whicord, Twilled Worsted, Cheviot, etc., for Gentlemen Riders, Polo Players and Jockeys.

These should be examined by anyone desiring a distinctly high grade piece of workmanship at a moderate price.

People send to us from all over the United States for Coachmen's hats, they are so superior.

New catalog upon request.

SMITH GRAY & CO.



"Straight to the goal."

Broadway at
31st St., N. Y.;
Fulton St. at
Flatbush Av.;
Broadway at
Bedford Av.,
Brooklyn.



"Name on Every Piece"

LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATE BON BONS

Dainty—Delicious—Healthful

The ABSOLUTE PURITY and DELIGHTFUL QUALITY of the world-famous LOWNEY products has resulted in the

Largest Sales of Any Confections Made.

THE WALTER M. LOWNEY CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Our Country is Prosperous

Preserve the Good Times
For Yourself Through
LIFE INSURANCE

Write for Information of
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VISIT THE PRUDENTIAL'S EXHIBIT, PALACE OF EDUCATION, WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS.



H. G. DAVIS.

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
So, if I chance to fall below
Demosthenes or Cicero,
Don't criticise and jeer and snarl,
For, recollect, I've got a bar'l.

—*Indianapolis News.*

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. *Booklet.*

"THEY have no pennies out in California at all," said the man who was noted for being close, just home from a trip.

"What in the world did you do when the collection plate came around?" asked the parson.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

FINNEGAN: Fur a defeated candidate, ye're lookin' purty happy, Oi'm thinkin'.

FLANAGAN: Thru fur ye. Oi'm happy to think Oi won't hov to kape anny of the rash promises Oi made before election.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

MAMMA: Johnny, I'm ashamed of you for keepin' at the bottom of your class in school.

JOHNNY: I keep there for the advantages of the place, mamma. It's my last guess at a question, you know. When all the others have failed it's almost impossible for me not to guess right.—*Boston Transcript.*

FOREIGNER: Why do you have so long a period between the election of your President and his inauguration?

NATIVE: To give the people time to forget the promises he made while he was trying to get the office.—*Chicago Tribune.*

AFTER DINNER PLAY "SHERLOCK HOLMES."

It is the informal game of the winter. The liveliest, most exciting and laughable card game ever devised. Price half a dollar.

A FOLLOWER of the races and his friend took dinner together recently at a prominent seaside hotel.

"About how much do you usually give the waiter?" asked the friend as they sat down to the table.

"Well," returned the race-track man, "if he serves me well I give him a dollar, and if he serves me poorly I give him a tip on the races."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

TRAMP (*piteously*): Please help a cripple at this festive season, sir.

KIND OLD GENT (*handing him some money*): Bless me, why, of course. How are you crippled, my poor fellow?

TRAMP (*pocketing the money*): Financially crippled, sir.—*Glasgow Evening Times.*

BRIGGS: What is the height of happiness?

GRIGGS: A back piazza, a pretty girl and a Fonseca cigar.

"PARDON me, but did you see a dachshund near here?"

"Yes."

"Where was he?"

"Partly on Euclid avenue and partly on Erie street."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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A Misdemeanor.

AT a recent matinee performance of Henry Blossom's comedy, "The Yankee Consul," Albert Parr, the tenor, sent a telegram to the stage director, Frank Ranney, conveying the information that he was confined to his bed and could not appear for the performance.

"It is up to you," said Ranney to the understudy.

Among the things the understudy forgot to do were to give proper "cues," to ignore all the "business" of his part, and neglect to take up one of his songs until the orchestra had given him the opening bars three or four times. The afternoon was an anxious one for the members of the company. There was one person, however, who did not think he had done so badly—the understudy—and, when the final curtain was down, he walked to where Hitchcock and Ranney were muttering soft imprecations on the afternoon's performance, and in a confident tone said: "Well, I got through it, didn't I? For a little while I was staggered, but I got through it."

"Yes," said the star, "you got through with it," and then turning to Ranney he said: "Fine him three dollars for playing the part."—*Harper's Weekly*.

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A Work of Fiction.

OUR bright neighbor, the *Manila (P. I.) Sunday Sun*, casts the following doubts on a well-known author:

Henry Savage Landor is either a remarkable prevaricator of the truth or else wonders exist in the Philippine Islands that the average man knows nothing about. Listen to this:

"Parts of Palawan Island are infested by man-eating crocodiles, which attack men on the shores at night. They have been known to climb into boats. Once, while the author was in a boat in a shallow bay, one was seen:

"On the most northerly islet of the barrier, a huge crocodile, some fourteen or fifteen feet long, was sleeping soundly on the beach. Lieutenant Boren sent a bullet into him, which woke up the brute with a start. It ran at a terrific pace toward us—not dragging its body, as most people would imagine, upon the ground, but with outstretched limbs supporting his entire body and tail high up in the air; then it gave a splendid leap into space and disappeared with a big splash into the water."

There are lots of good things like this in the book, which is certain to be rushed when reduced from four dollars to fifty cents.



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is a drink in which all the ingredients are so carefully blended that whilst no particular one is in evidence yet the delicate flavor of each is apparent.

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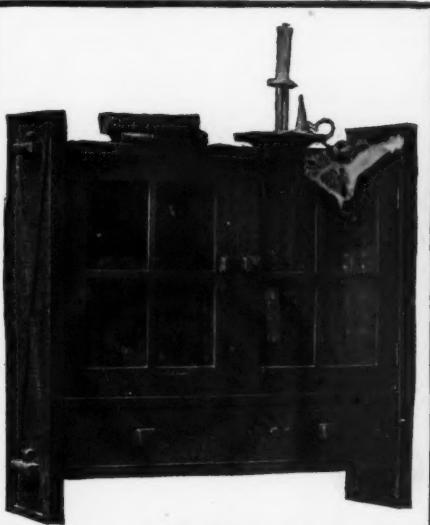
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NEW HAVEN, CONN.

BERTHA: You don't mean to say you have refused Frederick?

EDITH: I had to. He told me he had never done anything he was ashamed of. I never could think of marrying a shameless man, you know.—*Boston Transcript*.

"YOU say your washwoman reminds you of a good preacher?"

"Yes; she's always bringing things home to me that I never saw before."—*Yale Record*.

"DON'T you think 'To Harlem in fifteen minutes' sounds good?" asked the Harlemitte.

"Well, I think if you say 'Away from Harlem in fifteen minutes,' it sounds a good deal better," replied the man who lived below Forty-second Street.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

THE young lawyer is a necessity but frequently, like necessity, he knows no law.—*Philadelphia Record*.

The Philippine Islands.

THE Philippine Islands are a bunch of trouble situated in the Far East, within rumor-distance of the war-zone, and not far from the Land of Wallabies. They are bounded on the north by floating torpedoes, phantom squadrons and Port Arthur; on the east by God's country (eight thousand miles away); on the south by Thursday Island, Australia, and Harry Rickard's Concert Halls; and on the west by the China Sea, typhoons, and Hongkong.

Rich in natural resources, the Islands promise a fair future, which, like the fabled will-o'-the-wisp, is ever just beyond the reach of the optimistic inhabitant. Rain falls abundantly during fourteen months of the year, while the rest of the time the sun shines with a splendor unequaled in any part of the world, except Panama.

Agriculture being the principal recreation, the Islands manage to raise enough food-stuffs to supply a tenth part of the inhabitants. Other necessities are imported. Tobacco-growing provides the natives with enough money to purchase matches, perfumery, and cheap jewelry, while the foreign element live on each other, and their expectations.

The exports are deported Americans, hemp (to hang them with), broken-down soldiers, Doisy Harcourt, and Probasco, while the imports are Australian actresses and Scotch whisky.

At the present rate of consumption, the imports have the best of the deal, but it is believed that the exports will increase considerably during the next year.—*The Manila Sun*.

HIS wife came into the room where he was sitting. She was twisting herself around in the effort to look at the back of her new blouse. By the tense lines and bungling aspect about her lips he knew that her mouth was full of pins. He knew it anyway without looking for those symptoms.

"Umph-gof-wuff-wuff-sh-th-bf-fsyf-f-f," she said.

"Yes, it looks all right," he answered, resuming his paper.

"Owf-wuff-gs-pf-suf-up up-w-r-r-ooghsth," she mumbled.

"Of course it does," he assured her, glancing over the top of the paper. "It fits like the paper on the wall."

"Sw-ssh-uzuzuz-woll-gph-m-m m sh-p-z-z," she said, stamping her foot.

"Didn't I tell you it was all right?" asked the man, lowering his paper. "Maybe it needs a little taking up on the shoulders, but nobody could notice it."

Hastily letting the pins fall from her mouth to her hand, she cried: "I've asked you three times to raise the window blind so that I could get more light. It's a pity you can't understand plain English."—*Exchange*.

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The Archbishop's Suggestion.

THE late Archbishop Corrigan was one of the gentlest of men; but when it was necessary to reprove any one under his charge, whether it be priest or layman, he never hesitated to do so. At one time there was a vacancy in the rectorship of one of the large churches in New York City, and several clergymen were talked about for the position. Two prominent women who were members of the church called upon the Archbishop and urged the selection of one of their clerical friends. As they were leaving one woman turned to the other and said, impressively:

"When you get home, pray that the Holy Ghost may give the Archbishop the grace to appoint the right man."

Like a flash, the Archbishop turned around and said, in icy tones:

"While you are at it, ask the Holy Ghost to give women the grace to attend to their own business."—*Harper's Weekly*.

Time for a Nap.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON has "in his time played many parts," yet so closely is he identified with "Rip Van Winkle" that the public never lost sight of it when it had the privilege of seeing him. While he was playing in Missouri once he boarded a notoriously slow train for St. Joseph.

He went into the sleeping car, but not to go to bed, as the train was due at St. Joseph late in the evening. It dawdled along, however, says the *Philadelphia Press*, and, finding that it could hardly arrive before morning, he ordered his berth made up.

As the porter finished his task, Mr. Jefferson said: "This is the worst road I ever traveled on. I fancy I'm in for a full night of it."

"Deed, I reckon you is, sah," replied the porter.

"Positively the slowest road! It'll be morning before we are there. Do you think you'll get in before I'm awake?"

"Slow road, sah! Bound to be plumb mo'-nin', sah. But one of the passengers, sah, was tellin' me that you's the gentleman what once went to sleep and slep' twenty years; and I reckon, sah, dat if you take one o' dem naps we'll be able to land you mighty close to St. Jo 'fore you wake, sah."

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A False Alarm.

A GENTLEMAN from Buffalo tells this story of the conversation he had with a native of Southern Florida whom he hired to row him several miles down the Miami River. After many futile endeavors to interest the native and entrap him into expression of opinion, the Northerner brought up the subject of the supernatural.

"Don't believe in it," said the native, decidedly, "though I will say I most did at one time. I thought I was visited by spirits once. I was in my cabin one night, when I woke up and heard something a-slipping and a-sliding across the boards. I listened and then I gave a yell. The noise still kept up kind of creepy and scary. I knew it wasn't any ordinary critter, so I says, 'I don't care whether you be a human or a spirit, do something so as I can know definite.' I hated to have it so unsettled, but I was sorry I said anything. Just as soon as I opened my mouth there came a rattling noise like bones cracking together."

"You were scared. I suppose it was a cat," said the Northerner.

"I was scared—most blue—but it wa'n't a cat. I began to believe in spirits! I had a heap of faith in 'em just then, and I let out a yell you could hear a mile. Then I jumped clean out of bed and across the room."

"What happened then? What was it?"

"Why, I lit a match and found out I was scared and all nerved up for nothing, and I haven't believed in spirits since. I was terrible ashamed of myself when I found out what it was. The thing wa'n't nothing but just a big, common, mean, sneaky rattlesnake."—*Youth's Companion*.

To South Dakota.

PROFESSOR: Time brings great changes. For instance, Horace Greeley said "Young man, go West." Now, what do you suppose Greeley would say under present conditions?

Miss CHICAGO: Married man, go West!—*Houston Chronicle*.

A Passing Acquaintance.

TEDDY'S knowledge of the Constitution is like that of the boy who was asked if he had ever gone through algebra. He replied "Yes, but it was in the night-time, and I didn't see much of it!"—*Macon Telegraph*.

FARMER HORNIGHAND: I notust in the paper that a woman at Chicago tells how t' dress on twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

MRS. HORNIGHAND: Law sakes! What could any woman want with twenty-five thousand calico wrappers in one year!—*Baltimore American*.

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that very fact is my reason."—*Philadelphia
Press*.

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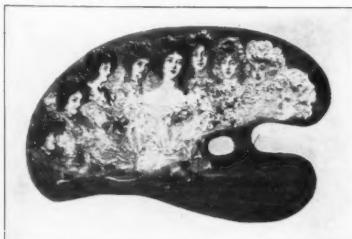
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